

Bike Courier  
By: M.H. Kindred

the hairs on top  
of her arms are burnt white

standing pale  
like curls of dust against  
a backdrop of darkened skin.

a voice calls out behind her  
maneuvering through a curtain of static:  
x needs to go to y,  
y is angry,  
called twice  
they needed it two minutes ago.

she's saving for another trip,  
down to Mexico this time.

she wont stop moving  
until the spokes of her ten speed  
have been stung  
by the sands of  
Sonora,

close your eyes and you  
can see her.

rubbing aloe onto kneescrapes  
dipping her toes into the gulf  
sending ripples through the  
first light of tomorrow.

The Airport Limousine Driver  
By: M.H. Kindred

The suit is too  
big on him  
long straight lines  
of spider silk fall  
down past  
his thumbs

yesterday, his pants  
were pressed  
by his girlfriend before

the iron got hot enough  
to do the job properly

they're more wrinkled  
than the early drafts of a poem

each day, he drives past  
a green sign written  
in lethal white letters  
he wonders aloud  
whether or not  
he's coming or going